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BUSTER CRABBE

SPACE • JUNGLE • WESTERN

THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF



# BUSTER CRABBE

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**3** ADVENTURES





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# BUSTER CRABBE

## in "STRANGE CASE OF THE RADIOACTIVE TIGER"



**B**USTER CRABBE AND A SMALL GROUP OF ADVENTUROUS SCIENTISTS ARE ENGAGED IN AN UNUSUAL SEARCH!

**D**EEP IN THE MATTO GROSSO JUNGLE, CARRYING HIGHLY SENSITIVE GEIGER COUNTERS KNOWN AS SCINTILLOMETERS, THEY ARE COVERING ACRE AFTER ACRE OF ALMOST TRACKLESS JUNGLE, WHEN...

WHAT'S THE MATTER, CLARK? YOU ACT AS THOUGH YOU'VE SEEN A GHOST!

I... I HAVE, BUSTER! I SAW A TIGER!



EVERYBODY KNOWS THERE AREN'T ANY TIGERS IN THE SOUTH AMERICAN JUNGLE! BUT I TELL YOU, I SAW HIM! PLAIN AS DAY... STARING AT ME!

HAAAA! YOU MAY HAVE A TOUCH OF JUNGLE FEVER, CLARK! HAVE YOU BEEN TAKING YOUR QUININE TABLETS?



MORT LEAV

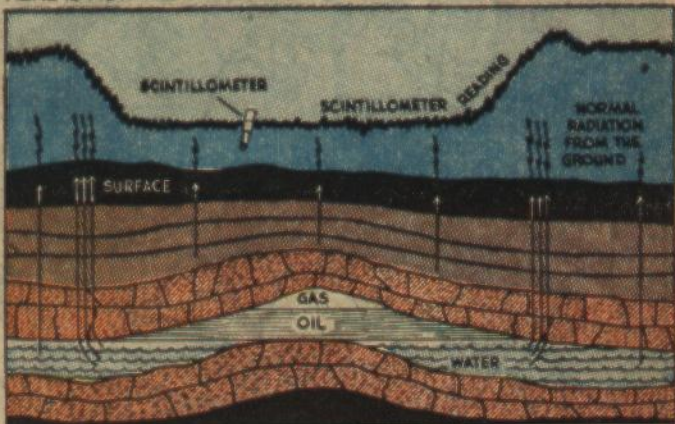
ALL REFERENCE, TECHNICAL INFORMATION, AND ALL ATOMIC AND GEO-PHYSICAL PROSPECTING INSTRUMENTS FURNISHED BY THE RADIAC CO. INC. 489 5TH AVE., NEW YORK CITY.



AND SO THE PARTY OF SCIENTISTS RESUME THEIR WORK! THEY ARE PROSPECTING IN THE MOST DANGEROUS JUNGLE IN THE WORLD ...HUNTING WITH THEIR SENSITIVE GEIGER COUNTERS FOR OIL!



HERE IS HOW THE GEIGER COUNTER WORKS IN PROSPECTING FOR OIL...





STAY BACK, BUSTER! I'LL GET A SIGHT ON IT!

NO! HAND ME THAT RIFLE!



AHRRRR!!

THUD!

I'D LIKE TO TAKE THIS BEAST... ALIVE!



YOU TOOK A LONG CHANCE, BUSTER!

IT WAS WORTH IT... TO SAVE THIS FELLOW!

SAY!



WHAT IS IT, ELLEN?

LOOK AT THIS, WILL YOU? THE GEIGER COUNTER IS CLICKING AWAY LIKE CRAZY! T. THAT TIGER MUST BE RADIOACTIVE!

CLICK! CLICK! CLICK!



CLICK-CLICK-CLICK-CLICK-CLICK!

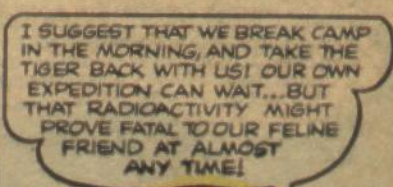
HE IS RADIOACTIVE! WE'D BETTER GET STARTED BUILDING A CAGE THAT WILL HOLD HIM... WHEN HE COMES TO! I DON'T RELISH THE THOUGHT OF ANOTHER BOUT... WITH A RADIOACTIVE TIGER!



THAT NIGHT...

GOLLY! JUST WATCHING THAT BEAST IS ENOUGH TO SEND COLD SHIVERS DOWN MY SPINE!

WHAT INTERESTS ME IS HOW THE TIGER GOT HERE IN THE FIRST PLACE! NOT TO MENTION HOW HE GOT INTO THAT PECULIAR CONDITION!



I SUGGEST THAT WE BREAK CAMP IN THE MORNING, AND TAKE THE TIGER BACK WITH US! OUR OWN EXPEDITION CAN WAIT... BUT THAT RADIOACTIVITY MIGHT PROVE FATAL TO OUR FELINE FRIEND AT ALMOST ANY TIME!

BUT THE FOLLOWING MORNING...

THE TIGER'S GONE! BUT THE CAGE WAS LOCKED FROM THE OUTSIDE!

HERE'S YOUR ANSWER, BUSTER! THE LOCK WAS PRIED OPEN... BY HUMAN HANDS!



SOMEONE WANTED OUR RADIOACTIVE TIGER. PRETTY BADLY, BADLY ENOUGH TO STEAL HIM!

NOBODY WOULD WANT THAT BEAST FOR A HOUSEHOLD PET! THEY MUST HAVE HAD TO DRUG HIS MEAT, BEFORE THEY COULD EVEN TAKE HIM AWAY!



AND THE REASON FOR TAKING HIM MUST BE CONNECTED WITH THE MYSTERIOUS RADIOACTIVITY! THIS CHANGES OUR PLANS! INSTEAD OF GOING BACK, WE'RE GOING TO START HUNTING FOR A MISSING TIGER!



THERE! IT'S STARTING...

SURELY, THERE WAS NEVER A MORE CURIOUS HUNTING SAFARI THAN THIS!

THE GEIGER COUNTERS ARE OUR BEST METHOD OF TRACKING HIM DOWN! ONCE WE'RE ANYWHERE IN HIS VICINITY, THE GEIGERS WILL WARN US BY THEIR CLICKING NOISE!

I JUST HOPE THE GEIGERS FIND THAT TIGER... BEFORE THE TIGER FINDS US!



GUIDED BY THE CONSTANTLY ACCELERATING SOUNDS...

A CAMOUFLAGED BUILDING... HERE IN THE JUNGLE!

WHY WOULD ANYONE BUILD IT SO FAR FROM CIVILIZATION? OR BOTHER TO CAMOUFLAGE IT SO CAREFULLY?



DON'T YOU GET IT, PROFESSOR? THAT RADIOACTIVITY WE PICKED UP! IT CAME FROM HERE... AN ATOMIC RESEARCH LABORATORY!

GREAT SCOT!





DESPERATELY FIGHTING AGAINST OVERWHELMING ODDS, BUSTER CRABBE IS AT LAST OVERPOWERED...







A SHORT TIME LATER, BUSTER CRABBE IS LED INTO A WOODEN BARRED COMPOUND...



NATURALLY WE HAD TO USE EVERY EFFORT TO RECAPTURE HIM! THE MERE PRESENCE OF SUCH A CREATURE MIGHT BETRAY THE FACT OF OUR ATOMIC RESEARCH HERE IN THE JUNGLE!



WE CAN'T AFFORD TO HAVE OUR PRESENCE KNOWN! NOT UNTIL OUR NEW ATOMIC WEAPON IS READY! THEN WE SHALL USE IT TO HELP ESTABLISH OUR GLORIOUS PARTY IN POWER ON THIS CONTINENT!



IN A TRIGGER-QUICK DUEL WITH DEATH, BUSTER CRABBE NARROWLY EVADES THE SNARLING KILLER!







YOU'VE NO IDEA HOW GOOD THIS MAKES ME FEEL!

AND AS OTHERS RACE OUT TO ANSWER THEIR LEADERS SUMMONS...



GO AHEAD AND SHOOT, YOU COWARDLY...

GHUHH!



THE NEXT INSTANT...

YOU TOLD US TO BRING HELP.

CLARK! ELLEN! THE PROFESSOR... WHERE DID YOU COME FROM?

DIDN'T YOU? LUCKILY WE DIDN'T GO FAR BEFORE WE RAN INTO THE LOCAL MILITIA! SEEMS THEY'VE BEEN SEARCHING THIS TERRITORY FOR TWO DAYS!



THEY'VE HEARD TALES FROM NATIVES ABOUT A TIGER SEEN HERE IN THE JUNGLE! NATURALLY, HEADQUARTERS SENT OUT SOLDIERS TO INVESTIGATE! FOR, AS WE ALREADY KNOW, THERE ARE NO TIGERS IN SOUTH AMERICA!



THE TIGERS PRACTICALLY UNKNOWN IN THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE... EXCEPT IN ZOOS! IT'S NO WONDER HIS PRESENCE AROUSED A LOT OF CURIOSITY!



THOSE FOREIGN SCIENTISTS BROUGHT IN THEIR OWN ANIMALS FOR EXPERIMENTS! AND IT WAS THE ESCAPE OF THAT TIGER THAT SPELLED RUIN FOR THEIR SCHEME TO SEIZE POWER BY ATOMIC WEAPONS! IN A WAY, I SUPPOSE WE SHOULD ALL BE GRATEFUL TO... THE RADIOACTIVE TIGER!

THE END

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# BUSTER CRABBE'S SCIENCE LORE

IN ORDER TO BREAK THE TREMENDOUS PULL OF EARTH'S GRAVITY A SPACE SHIP WOULD HAVE TO TRAVEL AT THE SPEED OF SEVEN MILES PER SECOND BEFORE IT 'FELL' INTO SPACE!

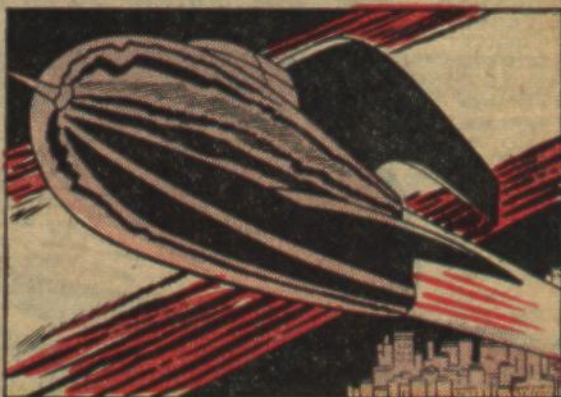


SOUND TO BE HEARD HAS TO TRAVEL THROUGH ATMOSPHERE, THEREFORE, IF WE WERE EVER TO INHABIT THE MOON, A METHOD WOULD HAVE TO BE DEvised FOR PEOPLE TO COMMUNICATE WITH ONE ANOTHER! FOR THE MOON HAS NO ATMOSPHERE, IT IS A WORLD OF SILENCE!

THE SPEED OF LIGHT IS APPROXIMATELY 186000 MILES PER SECOND! IT HAS BEEN ASSUMED THAT IF MAN WERE TO TRAVEL AT THIS SPEED, HE WOULD FIRST HAVE TO BE CONVERTED INTO LIGHT! EVEN IF THIS WERE POSSIBLE IT WOULD TAKE AT LEAST A MILLION YEARS TO REACH SOME STARS IN OUR UNIVERSE!

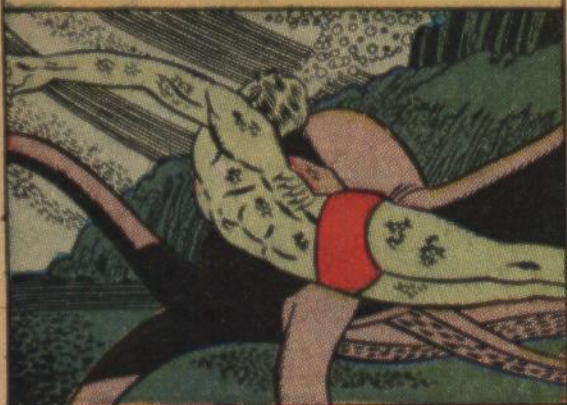


THE QUESTION OF WHETHER LIFE EXISTS ON THE MOON, WILL REMAIN AN UNANSWERED ONE, UNTIL WE ACTUALLY GO AND SEE FOR OURSELVES! FOR THE PEOPLE ON EARTH HAVE NEVER SEEN MORE THAN ONE HALF OF THE MOON, FOR THE MOON TRAVELS AROUND THE EARTH WITH THE SAME SIDE ALWAYS FACING IT!



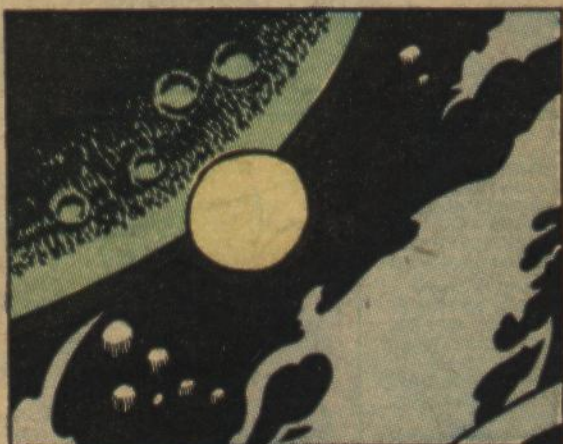
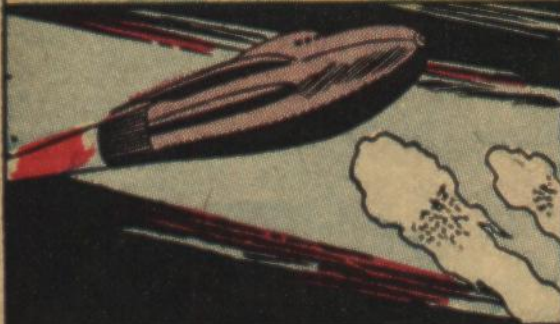
IF A METHOD WERE INVENTED THAT COULD CONTROL THE POWER OF GRAVITY, SPACE SHIPS COULD TRAVEL INTO SPACE WITHOUT HAVING TO USE FUEL!

VENUS, "THE MYSTERY PLANET," APPROACHING NEARER THAN ANY MAJOR PLANET IS THE LEAST KNOWN, BECAUSE OF THE VAPOR CLOUDS THAT COVER ITS SURFACE! MANY BELIEVE IT TO BE A WATER WORLD, WITH HUGE PLATEAUS RISING FROM GREAT OCEANS! IF THIS BE SO, WHATEVER FORM OF LIFE EXISTS THERE WOULD BE AMPHIBIOUS!



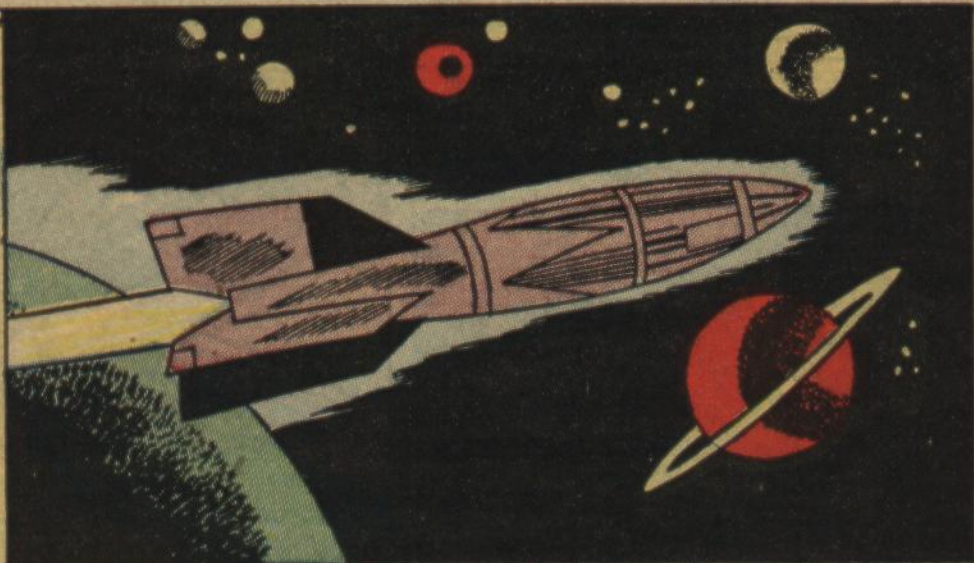
THE MOON SHINES DOWN UPON US, BUT IN TRUTH, THE LIGHT WE SEE IS ACTUALLY REFLECTED LIGHT FROM THE SUN! FOR THE MOON... HAS NO LIGHT OF ITS OWN!

FLIGHTS INTO OUTER SPACE ARE BECOMING MORE OF A REALTY THAN EVER BEFORE! ASTRO-NAVIGATION EXPERTS HAVE COMPILED FACTS AND FIGURES THAT ELIMINATE MANY OF THE HAZARDS THAT ONCE THREATENED SPACE VOYAGE! FOR INSTANCE, THE FEAR THAT SWIFT-MOVING METEORS WOULD RIP THROUGH SHIPS CAUSING FATAL DAMAGE, NO LONGER EXISTS! FOR IT HAS BEEN PROVEN THAT EVEN IF A SHIP WERE TO ENTER A "METEOR-SHOWER," THERE WOULD BE LITTLE CHANCE OF A COLLISION! FOR THE CLOSEST METEORS ARE 70 MILES APART!



THE SMALLEST STAR IN OUR GALAXY IS LOCATED IN THE CONSTELLATION MONOCEROS (UNICORN)! ALTHOUGH IT CAN ONLY BE SEEN THROUGH THE TELESCOPES, THE STAR IS 2500 MILES IN DIAMETER!

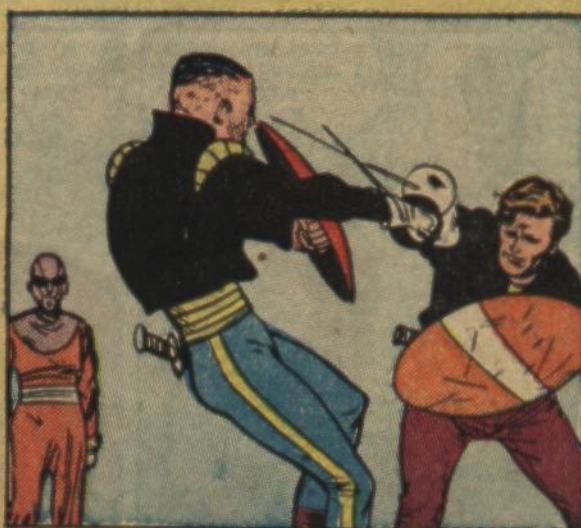
THE WAC CORPORAL ROCKET, EQUIPPED WITH A V-2 BOOSTER, REACHED AN ALTITUDE OF 250 MILES BEFORE IT FELL BACK TO THE EARTH'S SURFACE! HOWEVER, THE SPEED OF THE WAC CORPORAL ROCKET REACHED AN AMAZING PEAK OF ONE AND HALF MILES PER SECOND!





It started as an ordinary evening. I was flying home after visiting some friends and at 12,000 feet I crashed into what I thought was a mountain top,

The accident led me to a strange planet and a fight for life -- the outcome depending on whether I could discover "THE INVISIBLE MONSTERS OF CALLISTO I!"



# BUSTER CRABBE *in* of "INVISIBLE MONSTERS CALLISTO"

TINY PLANE WINGS ITS WAY THROUGH THE NIGHT-- SUDDENLY A GIGANTIC HULK LOOMS IN THE SKY-- THEN ...

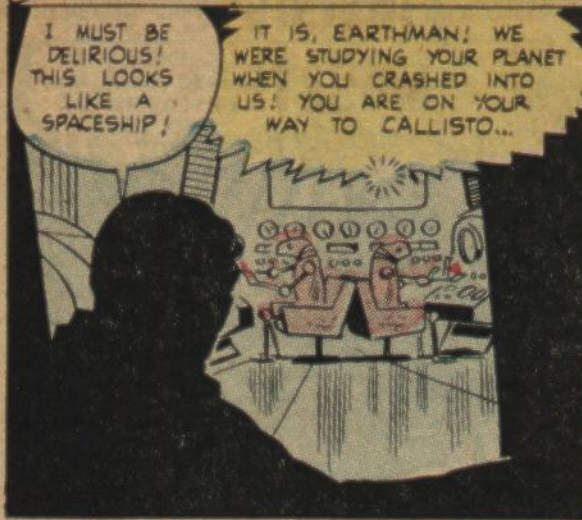


A DAZED FIGURE STAGGERS FROM THE WRECKAGE BUSTER CRABBE...

OHH, MY HEAD! I MUST'VE CRASHED INTO A MOUNTAIN!

A DOOR! MAYBE I CAN GET HELP IN THERE!

STUMBLING THROUGH THE OPENING, BUSTER SEES...



I MUST BE DELIRIOUS! THIS LOOKS LIKE A SPACESHIP!

IT IS, EARTHMAN! WE WERE STUDYING YOUR PLANET WHEN YOU CRASHED INTO US! YOU ARE ON YOUR WAY TO CALLISTO...



WHO'S THAT? WHERE ARE YOU?

YOU CANNOT SEE US, EARTHMAN. THE SYNDICS OF CALLISTO ARE INVISIBLE!



OH, BROTHER! I REALLY GOT A CRACK ON THE HEAD! I'VE GOT TO TRY AND GET HELP!

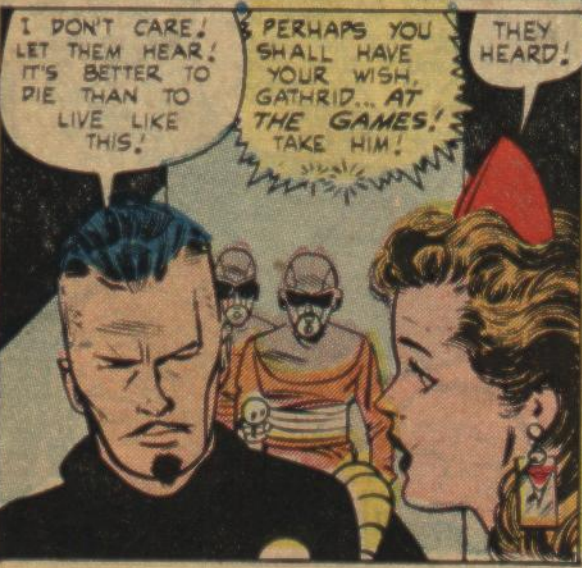
IT IS USELESS! YOU WILL NEVER SEE EARTH AGAIN! YOU ARE OUR PRISONER...!



AT THAT MOMENT, MILLIONS OF MILES AWAY ON CALLISTO IN THE DOMED PALACE OF PRINCESS CRYSTA...

HIGHNESS, HOW LONG MUST WE BE SLAVES TO THE TYRANTS WHO HAVE TAKEN OUR PLANET? HOW LONG MUST YOU BE THEIR SERVANT?

SILENCE! IT IS DANGEROUS TO SPEAK SO... EVEN HERE! THE INVISIBLE ONES ARE EVERYWHERE!



I DON'T CARE! LET THEM HEAR! IT'S BETTER TO DIE THAN TO LIVE LIKE THIS!

PERHAPS YOU SHALL HAVE YOUR WISH, GATHRID... AT THE GAMES! TAKE HIM!

THEY HEARD!



YOU WON'T... UHHHHH!

BLAST HIM!

NO!



COWARDS! TRAITORS!  
YOU ARE NO LONGER  
MEN -- YOU'VE  
TURNED INTO  
CRINGING  
DOGS!

SILENCE, CRYSTA!  
GATHRID IS NOT  
DEAD! WE WOULD  
NOT MISS SEEING  
HIM AT THE GAMES!  
FEW ARE AS STRONG  
AS GATHRID!



**T**WELVE EARTH DAYS LATER, THE IRON DOOR OF A DUNGEON ON CALLISTO SHUTS BEHIND BUSTER ...

WELCOME, STRANGER!  
WHAT HAVE YOU  
DONE TO BE HONORED  
BY BEING CHOSEN  
FOR THE  
GAMES?

I CRASHED INTO  
A SPACESHIP RUN  
BY GREMLINS!  
WHO ARE  
YOU?



I AM GATHRID OF  
CALLISTO. ONCE I  
RULED THIS PLANET  
WITH MY SISTER,  
BUT THAT  
WAS LONG  
AGO!

I'M BUSTER  
CRABBE! I  
WAS  
KIDNAPPED  
FROM THE  
PLANET  
EARTH!



**B**USTER AND GATHRID ARE SOON FAST FRIENDS. WITH A GRIM SMILE HE EXPLAINS THE GAMES TO THE CURIOUS EARTHMAN...

WHAT YOU DESCRIBE IS SIMILAR  
TO WHAT WE ON EARTH CALL  
CHESS! ONLY THESE INVISIBLE  
ONES USE LIVING PEOPLE  
FOR CHESS MEN!

AND WHEN  
TWO  
OPPONENTS  
MEET ON A  
DIAMOND THEY  
FIGHT TO THE  
DEATH! THE LAST  
MAN ALIVE GOES  
FREE!



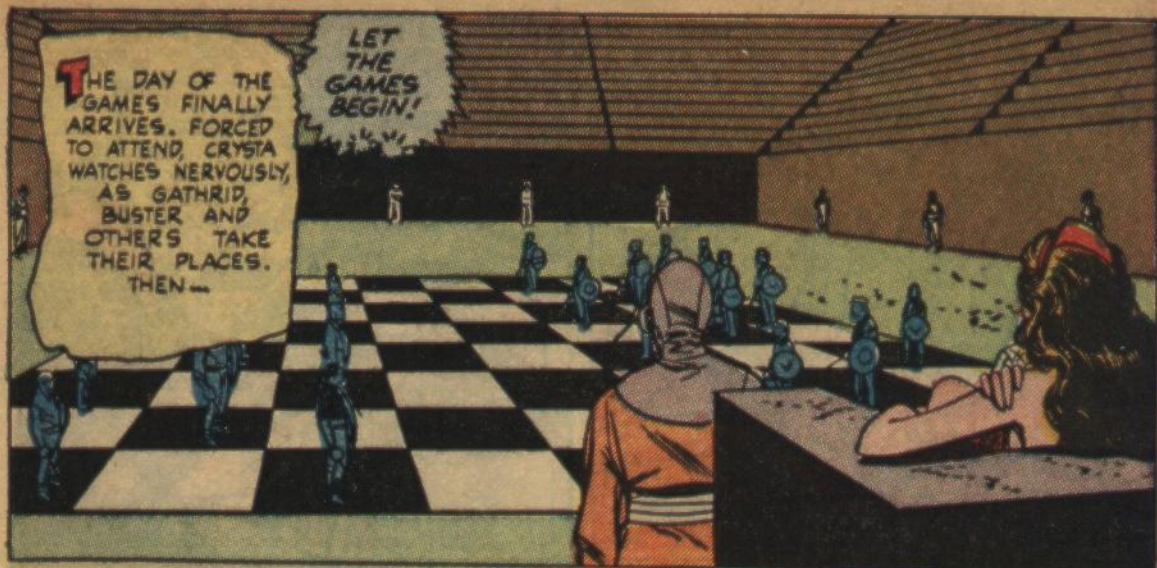
IS THERE NO  
WAY TO FIGHT  
BACK AGAINST  
THESE  
TYRANTS?

HOW? WE HAVE NO WEAPONS!  
THEY HAVE ARMED THE TRAIT-  
ORS AMONG US WITH THE  
NEEDLE RAYS POWERED  
FROM AN INVISIBLE  
SOURCE!

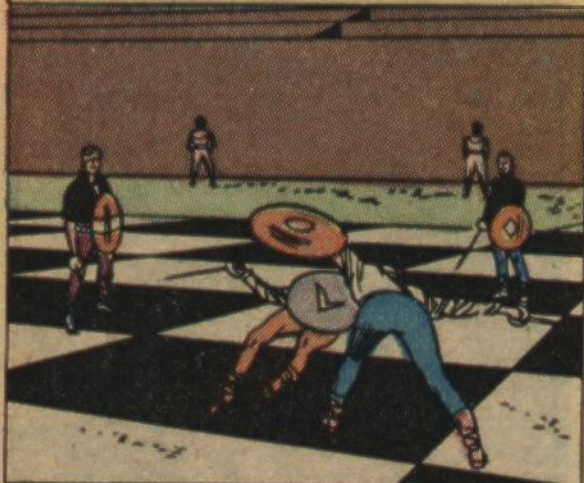
SHOULD THE TRAITORS WISH  
TO REVOLT, THE INVISIBLE  
ONES WOULD TURN OFF  
THE POWER, AND THEY,  
TOO, WOULD SOON  
BE HELPLESS!

IF YOU COULD  
GET TO THE  
SOURCE OF  
THAT POWER  
AND  
DESTROY  
IT--





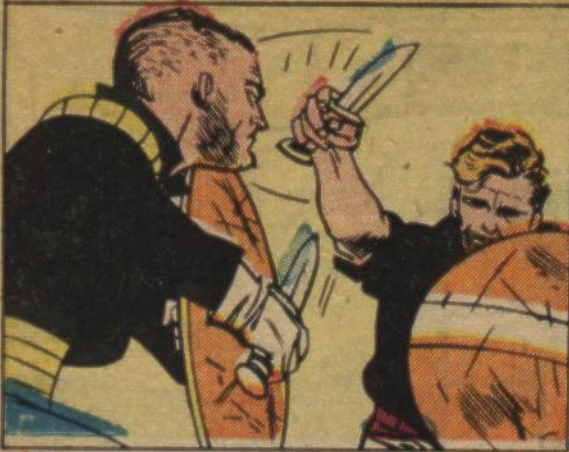
**AS THE LIVING PLAYERS ARE MOVED, COMBAT BEGINS ...**



**AT LAST, AFTER MANY BATTLES AND MUCH MANEUVERING, BUSTER AND GATHRID MEET ...**



**A**PPARENTLY UNWILLING TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF GATHRID, BUSTER TOSSES HIS SWORD AWAY AND THE TWO MEN CONTINUE THE BATTLE WITH THEIR DAGGERS...

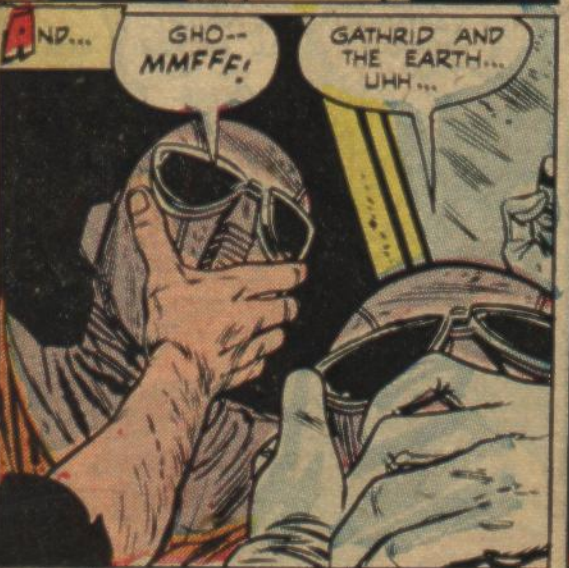


**M**INUTE AFTER MINUTE, THE DESPERATE BATTLE CONTINUES. SUDDENLY, BOTH SINK TO THE GROUND...



**A**T LAST, THE DAY'S FIGHTING IS OVER AND THE DEAD, INCLUDING BUSTER AND GATHRID ARE TAKEN TO THE CREMATORIUM...

**S**UDDENLY, TWO FIGURES RISE FROM THE SLABS THEY HAVE BEEN LYING ON...



QUICK! GET THEIR WEAPONS AND CLOTHES! AN INVISIBLE ONE MIGHT COME AT ANY MOMENT!

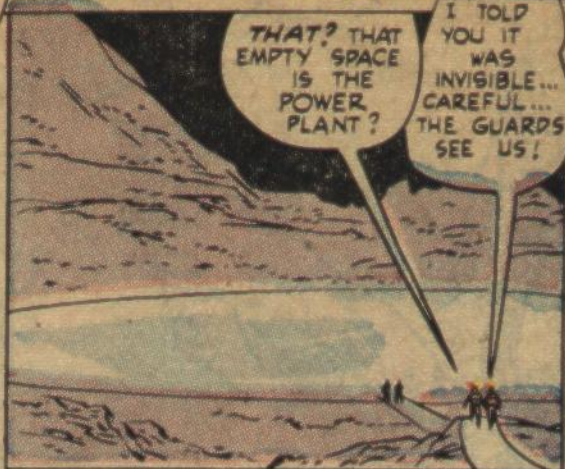
NOT TONIGHT! THEY'RE TOO BUSY CELEBRATING! BUSTER, IT BEGINS TO LOOK AS THOUGH YOUR PLAN MIGHT WORK!



DISGUISED AS TRAITOR GUARDS, BUSTER AND GATHRID MAKE THEIR WAY TO THE INVISIBLE ONE'S POWER PLANT...

THAT? THAT EMPTY SPACE IS THE POWER PLANT?

I TOLD YOU IT WAS INVISIBLE... CAREFUL... THE GUARDS SEE US!



WHAT DO YOU WANT? YOU KNOW THAT NO ONE IS TO APPROACH THE POWER PLANT EXCEPT UNDER ORDERS!

WE ARE UNDER ORDERS! WE WERE SENT TO RELIEVE YOU. YOU ARE NEEDED AT THE CELEBRATION!



RELIEVE US? I DON'T BELIEVE... GATHRID! BLAST... UHHH!

HELP...

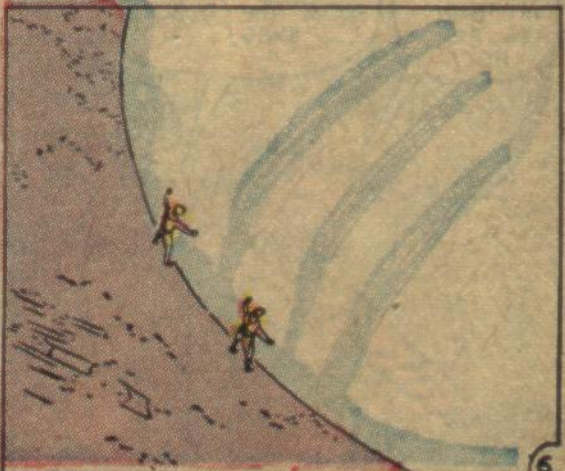


THAT WAS CLOSE! LET'S GET INSIDE THIS -- OOFF! THERE'S A SOLID WALL HERE!

YES! WE'VE GOT TO FIND THE ENTRANCE! COME ON!



PEELING THEIR WAY AROUND THE INVISIBLE WALL, THE TWO SEARCH DESPERATELY FOR AN ENTRANCE...



**S**UDDENLY...

I FOUND IT!



**A**S IF BY MAGIC, THE TWO ARE SWALLOWED UP BY THE COMPLETELY INVISIBLE OPENING...

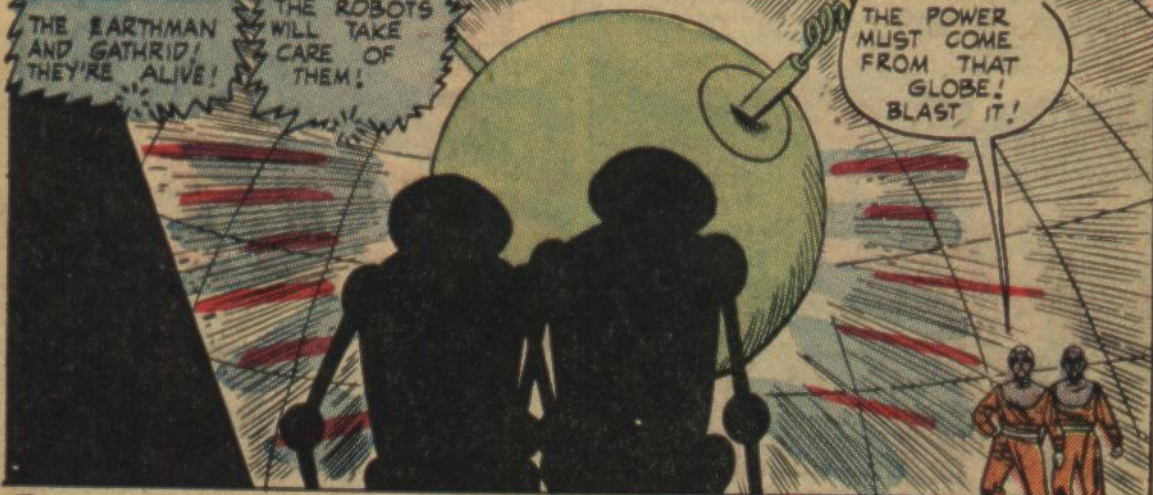


**I**NSIDE THE INVISIBLE BUILDING, BUSTER AND GATHRID FIND THEMSELVES IN A FANTASTIC LABORATORY...

THE EARTHMAN AND GATHRID! THEY'RE ALIVE!

THE ROBOTS WILL TAKE CARE OF THEM!

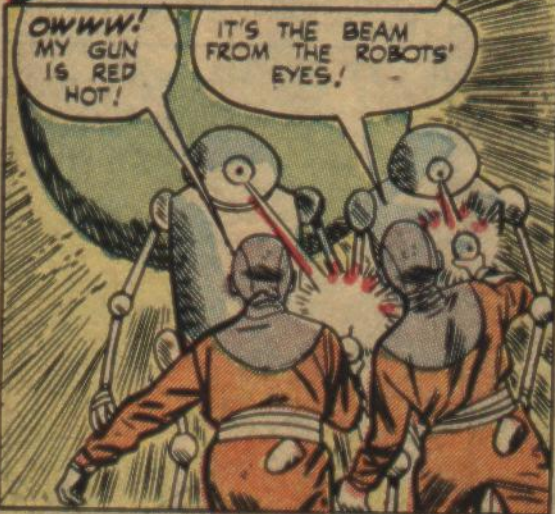
THE POWER MUST COME FROM THAT GLOBE! BLAST IT!



**B**UT BEFORE THEY CAN SHOOT...

OWWWW! MY GUN IS RED HOT!

IT'S THE BEAM FROM THE ROBOTS' EYES!

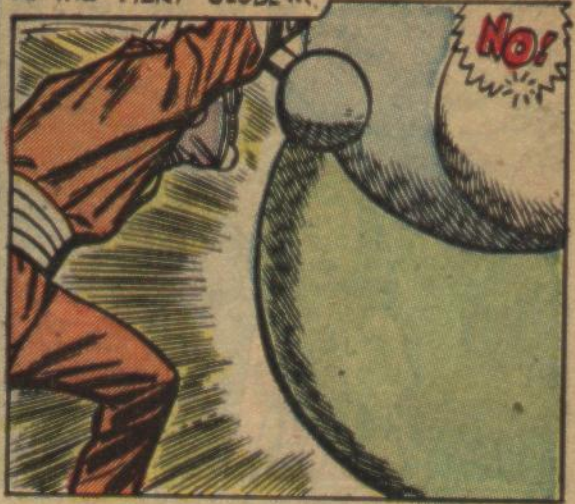


FOOLS! YOU WILL NEVER LEAVE HERE ALIVE! THE SYNDICS ARE ALL-POWERFUL!





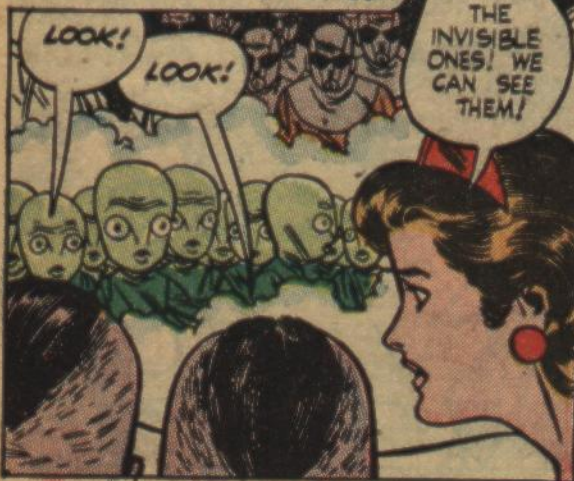
WITH A SUPERHUMAN EFFORT, BUSTER BREAKS LOOSE AND HURLS THE MECHANICAL MAN AT THE FIERY GLOBE...



INSTANTLY, THERE IS A TREMENDOUS EXPLOSION...



AT THAT MOMENT, IN THE NEARBY ARENA, WHERE CRISTA UNWILLINGLY PREPARES TO REWARD THE VICTOR OF THE DAY'S GAMES...



AS THE PEOPLE BEGIN TO REALIZE WHAT HAS HAPPENED, BUSTER AND GATHRID ARRIVE...



THERE IS NO LONGER ANY NEED TO FEAR THE INVISIBLE ONES! THEIR POWER IS SMASHED!

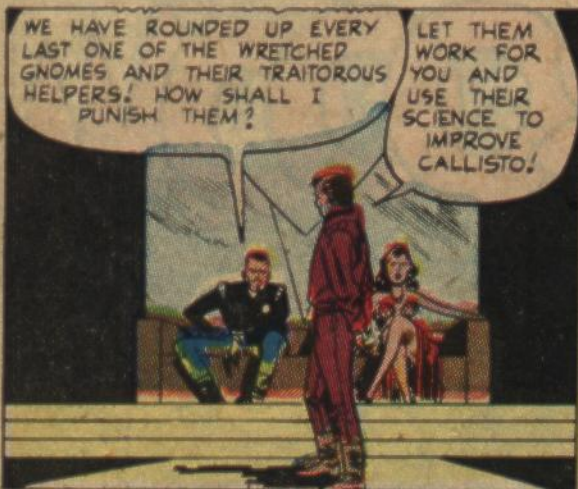
WE ARE FREE! LET'S GET THEM!



DOWN WITH THE TRAITORS! AFTER THEM!

SAVE US! DON'T LET THEM KILL US! WE'LL DO ANYTHING YOU WANT!

SOME DAYS LATER, WHEN CRYSTA AND GATHRID ARE RESTORED TO THEIR RIGHTFUL THRONES...



WE HAVE ROUNDED UP EVERY LAST ONE OF THE WRETCHED GNOMES AND THEIR TRAITOROUS HELPERS! HOW SHALL I PUNISH THEM?

LET THEM WORK FOR YOU AND USE THEIR SCIENCE TO IMPROVE CALLISTO!



A SPLENDID IDEA! AND YOU, BUSTER, HOW CAN WE EVER REWARD YOU?

TAKE ME BACK TO EARTH... I HAVE MUCH TO DO THERE!

IT SHALL BE DONE THOUGH WE SHALL MISS YOU! CALLISTO WILL NEVER FORGET WHAT YOU DID!

TWO WEEKS LATER, BUSTER IS LANDED SAFELY ON EARTH. AS HE APPROACHES HIS CAR...



HEY, STOP! THAT CAR IS MINE!

YOURS? IT'S BEEN STANDING HERE OVER A MONTH! WE-- SAY YOU'RE BUSTER CRABBE!



WE'VE BEEN LOOKING EVERYWHERE FOR YOU, MR. CRABBE! WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?

DON'T ASK ME! IF I TOLD YOU, YOU'D NEVER BELIEVE ME!

The END

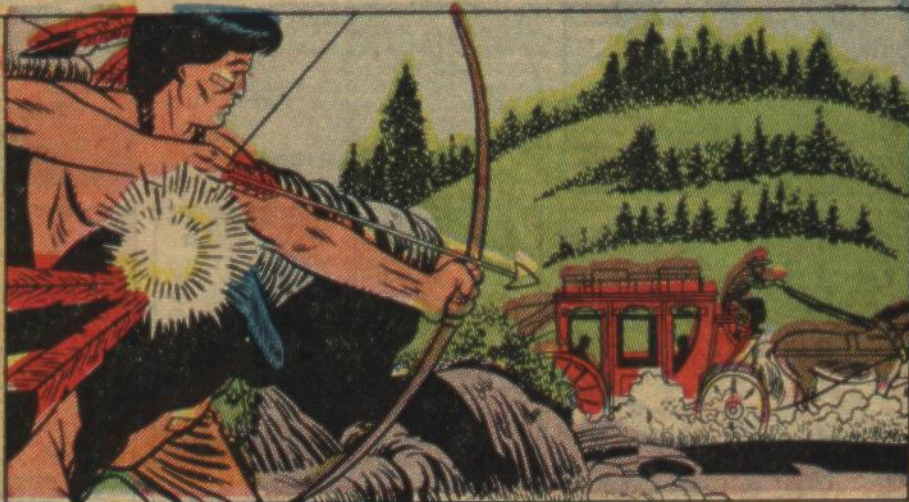
# BUSTER CRABBE'S LORE OF THE WEST

CHIEF JUSTICE BIRCH WASTED LITTLE TIME IN DEALING OUT JUSTICE TO THE RUTHLESS ELEMENT THAT FOLLOWS THE OPENING OF THE WEST! AT ONE TIME, WHEN A NOTED OUTLAW BAND COULD NOT BE FOUND GUILTY, FOR LACK OF EVIDENCE, BIRCH SAW TO IT THAT THEY PAID FOR THEIR CRIMES JUST THE SAME! FOR CHIEF JUSTICE BIRCH WAS A LEADER OF THE VIGILANTES!



AMONG THE INFAMOUS BADMEN OF THE OLD WEST, PERHAPS THE MOST DARING WAS JAMES MORRIN! AT ONE POINT IN HIS NOTORIOUS CAREER, A REWARD WAS OFFERED FOR THE CAPTURE OF SOME OF HIS BAND! LEARNING OF THIS, MORRIN PROMPTLY KILLED THEM AND CLAIMED THE REWARD OF \$1,500! A WEEK LATER, MORRIN WAS CAPTURED IN A HIGHWAY ROBBERY AND SENT TO PRISON FOR LIFE!

FEW MEN ADDED AS MUCH SAGA TO THE EARLY DAYS OF THE GOLDEN WEST AS DID THE FEARLESS RIDERS OF THE OVERLAND MAIL! FOR DESPITE THE HARDSHIPS BROUGHT ON BY WEATHER, TERRAIN, AND SAVAGE INDIANS, THE OVERLAND MAIL COVERED TWENTY EIGHT HUNDRED MILES IN TWENTY-FIVE DAYS! THUS COMPLETING EVERY RUN ON TIME!



DURING THE EARLY YEARS OF THE CIVIL WAR, THE NAVAJO INDIANS TOOK TO THE WARPATH, LOOTING AND KILLING THE UNGUARDED SETTLERS OF THE FRONTIERS! CONGRESS COULD SPARE BUT FOUR HUNDRED MEN TO BATTLE THE SEVEN HUNDRED PLUNDERING NAVAJOS... BUT BATTLE THEM THEY DID! THE NAVAJOS WERE DRIVEN INTO THE CANYON DE CHELY AND KEPT THERE UNTIL THE COLD WINTER WEATHER DESCENDED UPON THEM! AFTER A FURIOUS BUT LOSING BATTLE, THE NAVAJOS SURRENDERED TO THEIR CAPTOR... COLONEL CHRISTOPHER "KIT" CARSON!

"DOC" HOLLIDAY EARNED HIS REPUTATION AS A "GOOD" BADMAN WHEN HE SIDED WITH HIS FRIEND, SHERIFF WYATT EARP, IN A GUN DUEL AGAINST OVERWHELMING ODDS! BUT UNLIKE OTHER FAMOUS GUNMEN, HOLLIDAY ALWAYS DID HIS TALKING WITH THE BUSINESS END OF A SAWED-OFF SHOTGUN!





PERHAPS THE MOST COLORFUL AND LEAST-KNOWN LAWMAN OF THE OLD WEST WAS "SLIM" JIM BROWN! SPURNING THE USE OF THE CONVENTIONAL SIX SHOOTER, BROWN DID ALL HIS DUELING WITH A BOWIE KNIFE! SO PROFICIENT WAS HE WITH THE BOWIE, THAT A FAVORITE TRICK OF HIS WAS TO PIN BACK THE ARM OF AN OPPONENT WHO WAS ABOUT TO DRAW! "SLIM" JIM QUIT HIS JOB AS DEPUTY SHERIFF IN 1870 BECAUSE "THINGS WERE TOO TAME!"



WITH THE COMING OF THE WHITE MAN TO THE EARLY FRONTIER, THE WILD HERD OF HORSES THAT ROAMED THE PLAINS WERE SOON TAKEN INTO CAPTIVITY! HOWEVER, ONE STALLION ELUDED EVERY TRICK THAT WAS USED TO TAKE HIM! FAMOUS MEN ATTESTED TO LIGHTNING SPEED AND CUNNING AND SOON DUBBED HIM "WHITE STALLION" AND "GHOST HORSE OF THE PLAINS"! HE WAS NEVER CAPTURED!

SOMEWHERE IN THE SOUTHWEST, A BAND OF BANDITS BURIED THEIR "ILL-GOTTEN LOOT, IN ORDER TO MAKE BETTER TIME THAN THE PURSUING POSSE! THE ROBBERS WERE KILLED AND THEIR TREASURE NEVER RECOVERED! SINCE 1859, MANY HAVE SEARCHED UNSUCCESSFULLY FOR THE BURIED TREASURE THAT TOTALED NEARLY A QUARTER OF MILLION DOLLARS!



COL. MATSON CHALLENGED DOC. WAREN TO A ONE-SHOT GUN FIGHT WITH DUELING PISTOLS! DOC FIRED FIRST, BUT MATSON WAS UNTOUCHED! DOC, THEN PLEADED FOR HIS LIFE, AND LEFT TOWN FOR GOOD, NEVER TO DISCOVER THAT COL. MATSON HAD LOADED THE PISTOLS WITH POWDER AND CORKS!

"DYNAMITE" JIM JACKSON, DEPUTY SHERIFF OF DODGE CITY, IS ANOTHER OF THE UNSUNG LAWYERS OF THE WEST! AT ONE TIME WHEN JACKSON COULD NOT ROUND UP A POSSE TO BATTLE A NOTORIOUS OUTLAW BAND, HE APPROACHED THEIR CAMP ALONE, AND WIPE THEM OUT... WITH STICKS OF DYNAMITE!

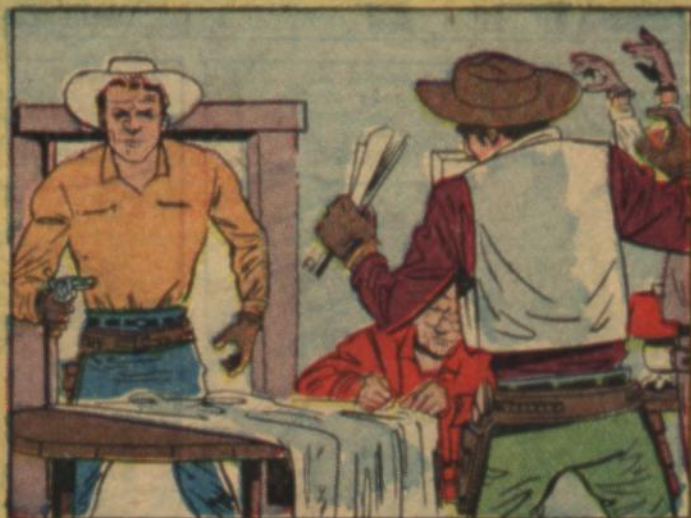


AFTER PROSPECTING UNSUCCESSFULLY FOR TWENTY-THREE YEARS, WALT MANERS DIED PENNILESS AND HEART-BROKEN! AS HIS BODY WAS BURIED, SOMEONE NOTICED THE SOIL ABOUT HIS GRAVE! YOU GUESSED IT... GOLD! WALT MANERS HAD TO DIE BEFORE HE COULD "MAKE HIS STRIKE"!



All pirates are not on the high seas. I found that out in, of all places, a small town out west where my friend, Jim Morrisey, runs a logging camp. The pirates here weren't interested so much in making you walk the plank as in stealing it.

It was there that the sheriff accused me of murder! Who did I kill? --MYSELF!  
Framed by the PIRATES OF THE  
TIMBERLAND!



# BUSTER CRABBE

in "Pirates Of The Timberland"



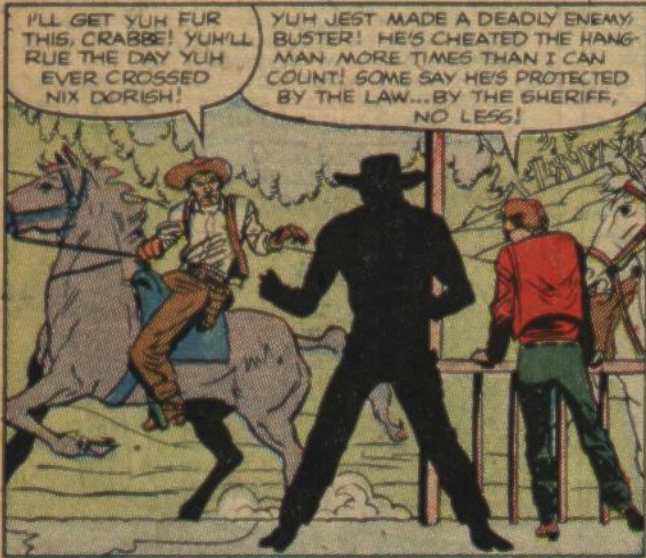


I KNOW, JIM! NIX DORISH HAS BEEN MUSCLING IN ON RANCHERS EVER SINCE THE DAY HE COULD HEFT A SIX-SHOOTER! ONE DAY HE'LL FIND HIMSELF AT THE LONG END OF A ROPE!

YUH GOT NOTHIN' ON ME, CRABBE! I'M A LAND SPECULATOR! I BUY PROPERTY CHEAP AND SELL IT DEAR! WHAT'S WRONG WITH THAT?



NOTHING, EXCEPT THAT LAND OWNERS HAVE A HABIT OF DYING BEFORE YOU GET THEIR LAND! TAKE OFF, NIX! BEFORE I GET MAD ENOUGH TO SHOOT!



I'LL GET YUH FUR THIS, CRABBE! YUH'LL RUE THE DAY YUH EVER CROSSED NIX DORISH!

YUH JEST MADE A DEADLY ENEMY, BUSTER! HE'S CHEATED THE HANG-MAN MORE TIMES THAN I CAN COUNT! SOME SAY HE'S PROTECTED BY THE LAW...BY THE SHERIFF, NO LESS!



MAYBE SO, JIM! BUT I'VE JUST COME FROM TOWN! THERE'S BEEN ANOTHER GOLD STRIKE! ANOTHER SETTLEMENT WILL BE SPRINGING UP OVER-NIGHT!

THEN THE PROSPECTORS WILL BE NEEDIN' TIMBER FOR STORES, SHELTERS, AN' SLUICE RUNS! WOOD'LL BE WORTH MORE'N GOLD! NIX'LL ASK SKY-HIGH PRICES FOR ANY TIMBER HE GETS HIS HANDS ON!



THAT'S WHY NIX WANTS OURS! YUH OWN A PIECE OF MY RANCH, BUSTER! WHAT'LL WE DO?

HOLD ON TO OUR TIMBER AND SELL IT AT A FAIR PRICE!



ONLY ONE THING WRONG WITH THAT! NIX DORISH WON'T LET US ALONE! I'LL BET HE'S PLANNIN' RIGHT NOW HOW TO SEND US DOWN SALT RIVER!

THEN I RECKON SOMEBODY'S GOT TO FIND OUT HIS PLANS! GIVE ME YOUR SPECS, JIM!



WHAT IN THE TARNATION ARE YUH WEARIN' GLASSES FUR?

A DISGUISE! A NICE, THICK MUSTACHE AND A CHANGE OF COSTUME SHOULD DO THE TRICK!

HALF HOUR LATER, AS BUSTER CRABBE COMPLETE HIS DISGUISE WITH A FAKE MUSTACHE...

WELL, I NEVER... YORE BEST FRIENDS WON'T RECOGNIZE YUH!

NEITHER WILL MY WORST ENEMY! I'LL MAKE A DEAL WITH NIX DORISH, THEN SET A TRAP WITH ENOUGH ROPE IN IT SO HE CAN HANG HIMSELF!



THAT NIGHT IN THE TOWN SALOON...

WE'RE LICKED, NIX! WITH CRABBE WISE TO OUR GAME, WE MIGHT JUST AS WELL FORGIT ABOUT THE MORISSEY PROPERTY!

I FORGIT NOTHIN'! IF I CAN'T GIT THEM TIMBER ONE WAY, I'LL GIT IT ANOTHER! EVER HEAR OF RUNT EVANS?



EVANS THE LAND AUCTIONEER?

THAT'S HIM! EVANS IS IN CAHOOTS WITH US! HE'LL KNOCK DOWN THE MORISSEY PROPERTY TO US FUR A SONG, ONCE IT'S UP FUR SALE!

PSST! NIX! SOMEONE'S COMIN'!



NIX DORISH? I'M CONRAD FRICK, LEGAL ADVISOR FOR BUSTER CRABBE AND JIM MORISSEY! MY CLIENTS WANT TO RECONSIDER YOUR OFFER FOR THEIR TIMBER LAND!

WHAT CHANGED THEIR MINDS?



I DID! NATURALLY YOU'LL HAVE TO MAKE A BETTER OFFER! AFTER ALL, WHAT'S TO PREVENT MY CLIENTS FROM CUTTING THE TIMBER THEMSELVES AND SELLING THE WOOD?

I SEE WHAT YUH MEAN! GIMME TWENTY-FOUR HOURS TO THINK IT OVER!



HERE'S TO US— AND THE BIG, FAT PROFITS WE'RE GOING TO MAKE!

SORRY, MR. DORISH! I DON'T DRINK HARD LIQUOR!



BOYS, I GOT A PIP OF AN IDEA! WE'RE GOIN' TO FOLLOW FRICK AN' BUSHWHACK HIM!

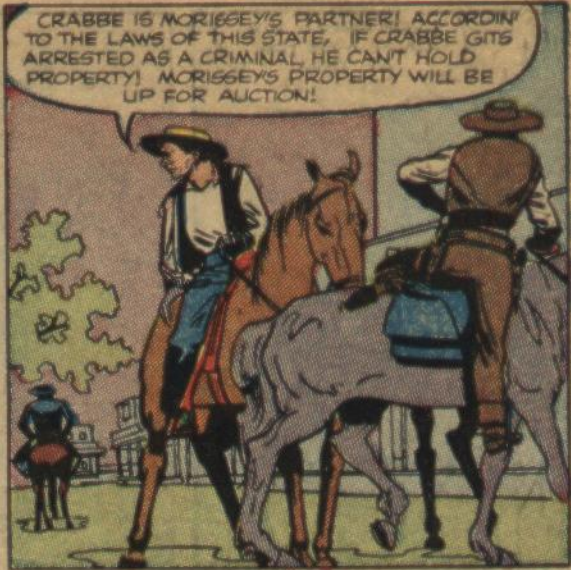
BUT, NIX— HE WANTS TO DEAL WITH US!





WE DON'T NEED HIM!  
I GOT A BETTER PLAN!  
ONLY INVESTMENT IS  
A FEW CENTS WORTH  
OF LEAD! WE'LL BUMP  
OFF FRICK AND  
PIN THE MURDER  
ON CRABBE!

SO WE GIT RID OF  
CRABBE! HOW DOES  
THAT GIVE US THE  
TIMBER?



CRABBE IS MORISSEY'S PARTNER! ACCORDIN'  
TO THE LAWS OF THIS STATE, IF CRABBE GIT'S  
ARRESTED AS A CRIMINAL, HE CANT HOLD  
PROPERTY! MORISSEY'S PROPERTY WILL BE  
UP FOR AUCTION!



RUNT EVANS CONTROLS THE  
AUCTION! EVANS TAKES OUR  
BID! WE GIT THE TIMBER!  
CRABBE GIT'S HUNG! MORISSEY  
GIT'S PEANUTS! WE CLEAN UP  
BY SELLIN' THE TIMBER!

WHAT AN  
ANGLE! LET'S  
GIT HIM!



HALF HOUR LATER, NOT FAR  
FROM THE MORISSEY'S RANCH...

N..NIX DORSH! HE MUST  
BE WISE TO ME!

CLOSE IN ON  
THE BUTTER-  
MILK-LAPPIN'  
NITWIT!

BANG!  
BANG!



NICE SPOT I'M  
IN! THIS SWAY-  
BACKED FLEA-  
BAG COULDN'T  
OUTRUN A  
TURTLE... AND  
I'M NOT PACKING  
A GUN!

WE'RE  
GAININ' ON  
HIM! AIM  
FUR HIS  
HOSS!



GOT IT!  
FRICK'S A  
GONER!

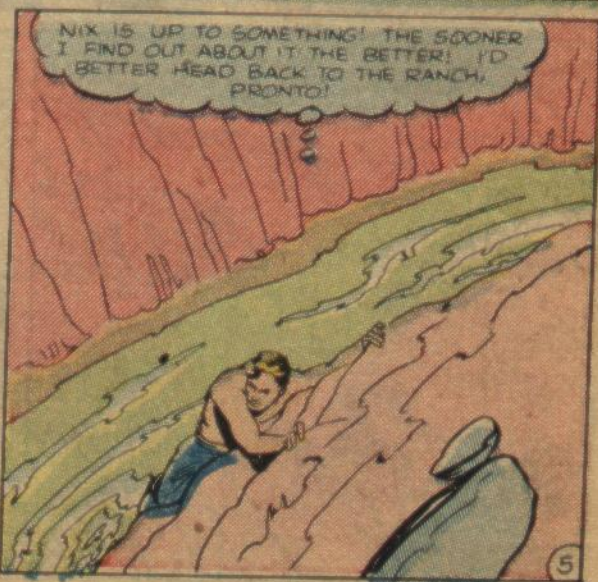
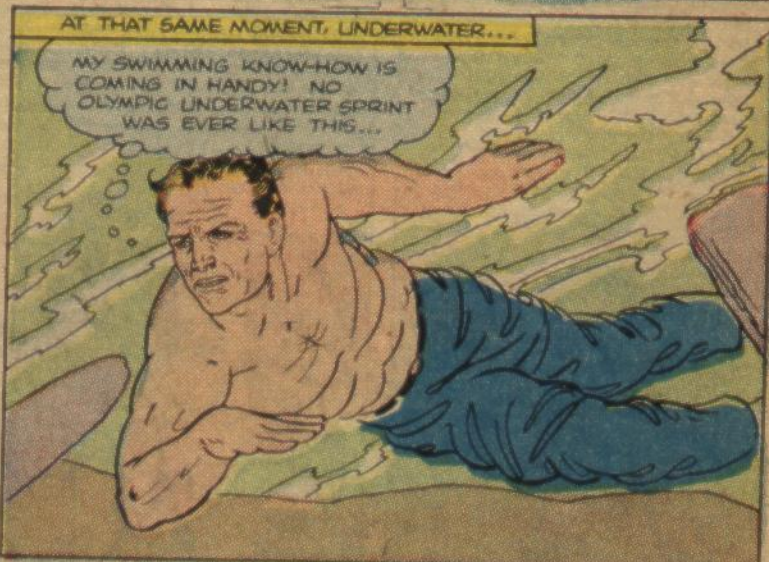
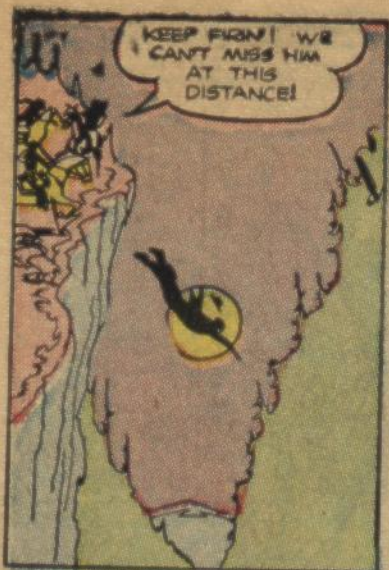
I'M SUNK! THEY'LL RIDE ME  
INTO THE GROUND...UNLESS  
...YES...THERE'S ONLY  
ONE WAY OUT!

BANG!  
BANG!



I'VE GOT  
TO GO  
OVER!

BANG!  
BANG!  
BANG!



SHORTLY AFTER IN TOWN, AS NIX DORISH WASTES NO TIME...



NIX GAVE YOU THE STORY STRAIGHT, SHERIFF! FRICK IS DEAD! CRABBE KILLED HIM BECAUSE HE THOUGHT FRICK WAS SELLIN' HIM OUT!

RUNT'S SPEAKIN' THE TRUTH, SHERIFF! HE IS DEAD! THE CURRENT CARRIED HIS BODY DOWN-STREAM!



LOOK, NIX! I AIN'T SAYIN' YORE LYIN'... BUT I COULD! I COULD SIT AROUND AN' WAIT FUR FRICK'S BODY TO COME UP! I COULD INSIST ON MORE EVIDENCE! I COULD REFUSE TO ISSUE A WARRANT FUR CRABBE'S ARREST!

SHORE, YUH COULD, SHERIFF! ONLY YUH WON'T!



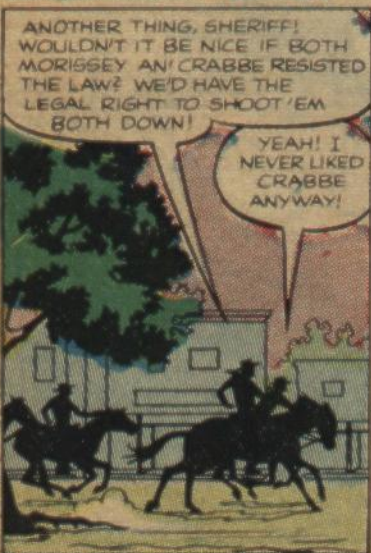
HELP ME GRAB OFF MORISSEY'S TIMBER AN' YUH'LL WIND UP WITH MORE CASH THAN YUH'D MAKE IN FIVE YEARS OF CATCHIN' CHICKEN THIEVES!

NOW YORE TALKIN', NIX! I AIN'T NEVER SAVED YORE NECK JEST FUR LAUGHS!



DON'T FORGET THIS EVICTION ORDER, SHERIFF! IF WE CAN'T CANCEL MORISSEY'S LEASE AND PUT HIS LAND UP FOR AUCTION, WE DON'T MAKE A NICKEL!

IF MORISSEY PUTS UP A FUSS, HE'LL GO WEST!



ANOTHER THING, SHERIFF! WOULDN'T IT BE NICE IF BOTH MORISSEY AN' CRABBE RESISTED THE LAW? WE'D HAVE THE LEGAL RIGHT TO SHOOT 'EM BOTH DOWN!

YEAH! I NEVER LIKED CRABBE ANYWAY!



LATER AT JIM MORISSEY'S RANCH...

BUSTER A MURDERER! YORE CRAZY! YUH VARMINTS VAMOOSE OFF MY LAND!

IT ISN'T YOUR LAND ANY MORE, MORISSEY! IT'S UP FOR AUCTION, ACCORDING TO THE LAWS OF THIS STATE!



WHAT'S MORE, MORISSEY, YORE UNDER ARREST FOR SHIELDIN' A FUGITIVE FROM JUSTICE! YUH KNOW WHERE CRABBE IS! YORE HIDIN' HIM!

SO YORE ON NIX'S PAYROLL, TOO! NOW I SEE WHY NIX ALWAYS BEAT THE NOOSE! HE HAD THE LAW UNTIE THE KNOT!





I AINT DENYIN' IT, MORISSEY! KNOW WHY? YUH AIN'T LEAVIN' THIS RANCH ALIVE! I'LL TELL THE JUDGE YUH REGISTERED ARREST AN' OBSTRUCTED THE LAW!

ENOUGH PALAVERIN', SHERIFF! PLUG HIM AN' GIT IT OVER, WITH!



NAW, NIX! WE'VE GOT TO DO THIS KILLIN' LEGAL-LIKE! MORISSEY GOT TO BE IN MOTION WHEN I PLUG HIM! G'WAN, MORISSEY! HEAD FUR THE DOOR!

THEY'RE OUT TO KILL JIM! I'VE GOT TO BUST THIS UP!



I AINT RUNNIN' SHERIFF! AN' IM WARNIN' YUH! KILL ME OR NOT—YUH AN' RUNT EVANS AN' THESE RATTLESNAKES WILL HANG SIDE BY SIDE OR MY NAME AINT JIM MORISSEY!

YOUR NAME IS JIM MORISSEY AND THEY WILL HANG! RAISE 'EM!

CRABBE!



'FORGIT WHAT YUH HEARD ABOUT ME, CRABBE! NOBODY'LL BELIEVE YUH! I'M THE LAW IN THIS COUNTY AN' I ORDER YUH TO SURRENDER!

YOU'RE WORSE THAN NIX DORISH, SHERIFF! YOU'RE A KILLER HIDING BEHIND A TIN STAR! I'D SOONER SURRENDER TO THE DEVIL MYSELF!



WHAT ARE WE WASTIN' BREATH FUR? BLAST CRABBE!

N..NO! I'M IN THE WAY! NIX!

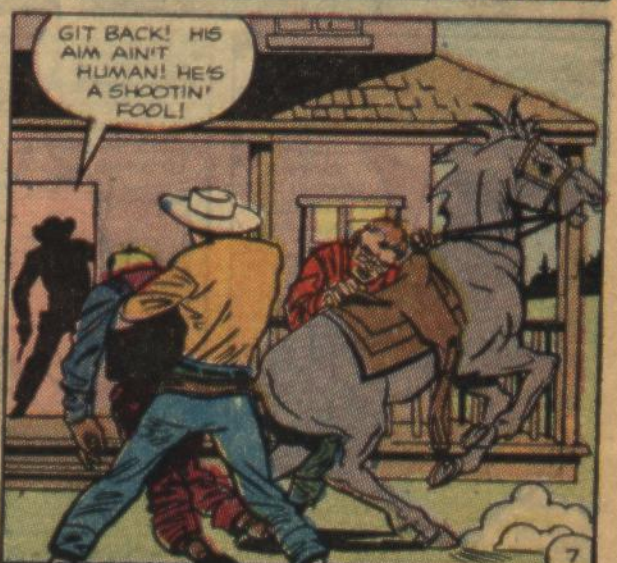
RUN FOR IT, JIM!



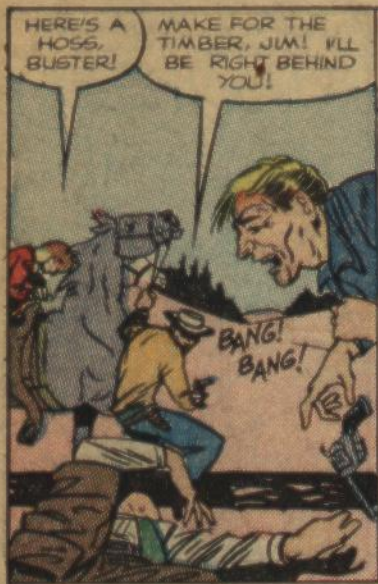
CUSS HIM! HE'S HOLDIN' A DEAD MAN BETWEEN HIM AN' OUR BULLETS!

!GASPI! I'M HIT, BUSTER!

KEEP GOING, JIM! I'LL COVER YOU!



GIT BACK! HIS AIM AINT HUMAN! HE'S A SHOOTIN' FOOL!



HERE'S A HOSS, BUSTER!

MAKE FOR THE TIMBER, JIM! I'LL BE RIGHT BEHIND YOU!

BANG!  
BANG!



THEY'RE HEADIN' FUR THE TIMBER! AFTER HIM!

WAIT, NIX! I GOT A BETTER IDEA! LET'S GO DOWN TO THE SETTLEMENT AN' RECRUIT A POSSE! ONCE WE OUTGUN CRABBE TEN TO ONE, WE'LL SEE THET HE DON'T GIT OUTTA THE WOODS ALIVE!



LATER AS BLISTER DRESSES JIM MORISSEY'S WOUND...

SO THE BATS ARE TRYING TO PIN FRICK'S MURDER ON ME! THAT'S A NEW WRINKLE! I'M ACCUSED OF MURDERING MYSELF!

IT'S NO LAUGHIN' MATTER! IF I KNOW NIX, HE'S GITTIN' UP A LYNCH MOB RIGHT NOW TO HANG US ON THE LIMBS OF OUR OWN TREES! BEFORE THE MOB LEARNS THE TRUTH, WE'LL BE DEAD!



SPEAKING OF THE 'DEAD, I'VE GOT A BRAINSTORM! A CORPSE COMES TO LIFE... A CORPSE NAMED CONRAD FRICK!



HOURS LATER AT THE SIDE OF THE GOLD STRIKE...

WE'RE WITH YUH, SHERIFF! WE'LL CATCH MORISSEY AN' CRABBE AN' STRING 'EM UP!

I NEVER FIGURED CRABBE FOR A MURDERER, BUT I GUESS YOU NEVER KNOW! LET'S GET 'EM!

GIT YORE GUNS AN' MEET US AT FORK CREEK IN TEN MINUTES!



FIVE MINUTES LATER AT FORK CREEK...

YOU DONE A GREAT JOB, SHERIFF! THERE AIN'T NO TELLIN' WHERE A CROOK CAN GO WITH THE LAW ON HIS SIDE...

I CAN TELL YOU WHERE YOU'RE GOING, NIX DORISH... AND YOU'LL HAVE COMPANY!

FRICK!



RIGHT! CONRAD FRICK... NOT HIS GHOST! VERY MUCH ALIVE! AND VERY MUCH READY TO TELL THE TRUTH ABOUT HOW YOU COYOTES TRIED TO KILL ME!

WE'LL KILL YUH ALL OVER AGAIN! GUN HIM, YUH FOOLS! HE'LL SPILL THE BEANS!



THIS ISN'T MY ONLY SURPRISE, BOYS!

LISTEN! H... HIS VOICE IS CHANGIN'!



SO'S MY COSTUME!

WE'VE BEEN TRICKED! THERE AIN'T NO CONRAD FRICK! FRICK WAS BUSTER CRABBE IN DISGUISE! LET'S GIT OUTTA HERE!



HOOP IT, NIX... ON YORE OWN HOOPS!

MORISSEY! HE'S RODE OFF WITH OUR HOSSES!



OKAY, MEN! YOU WERE OUT TO GET SOME MURDERERS! WELL, GET 'EM! NICK DORISH, RUNT EVANS, AND THE SHERIFF HIMSELF!

D. DON'T SHOOT! WE GIVE UP!



IT'S A GOOD THING YUH PUT US STRAIGHT, BUSTER! WE MIGHTVE STRUNG YUH UP FUR KILLIN' YORESELF!

AND THESE CRITTERS WOULDVE MADE A FORTUNE IN TIMBER! ALL THEY'LL COLLECT NOW IS THE PUNISHMENT THAT HAS BEEN LONG OVERDUE!

THE END

**LOOK**

FOR THE NEXT ISSUE OF  
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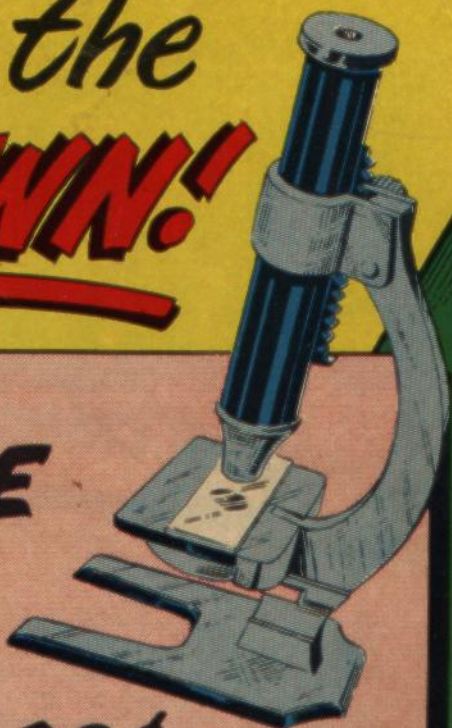


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